



A detailed aerial photograph showing a patchwork of agricultural fields. The fields are organized into rectangular plots of varying sizes, some containing crops and others appearing as fallow land or pastures. A network of roads and small settlements is visible, particularly along the northern and western edges of the image. The terrain is a mix of light brown, green, and dark brown colors, indicating different soil types and vegetation. The overall pattern is highly organized and suggests a well-developed agricultural landscape.

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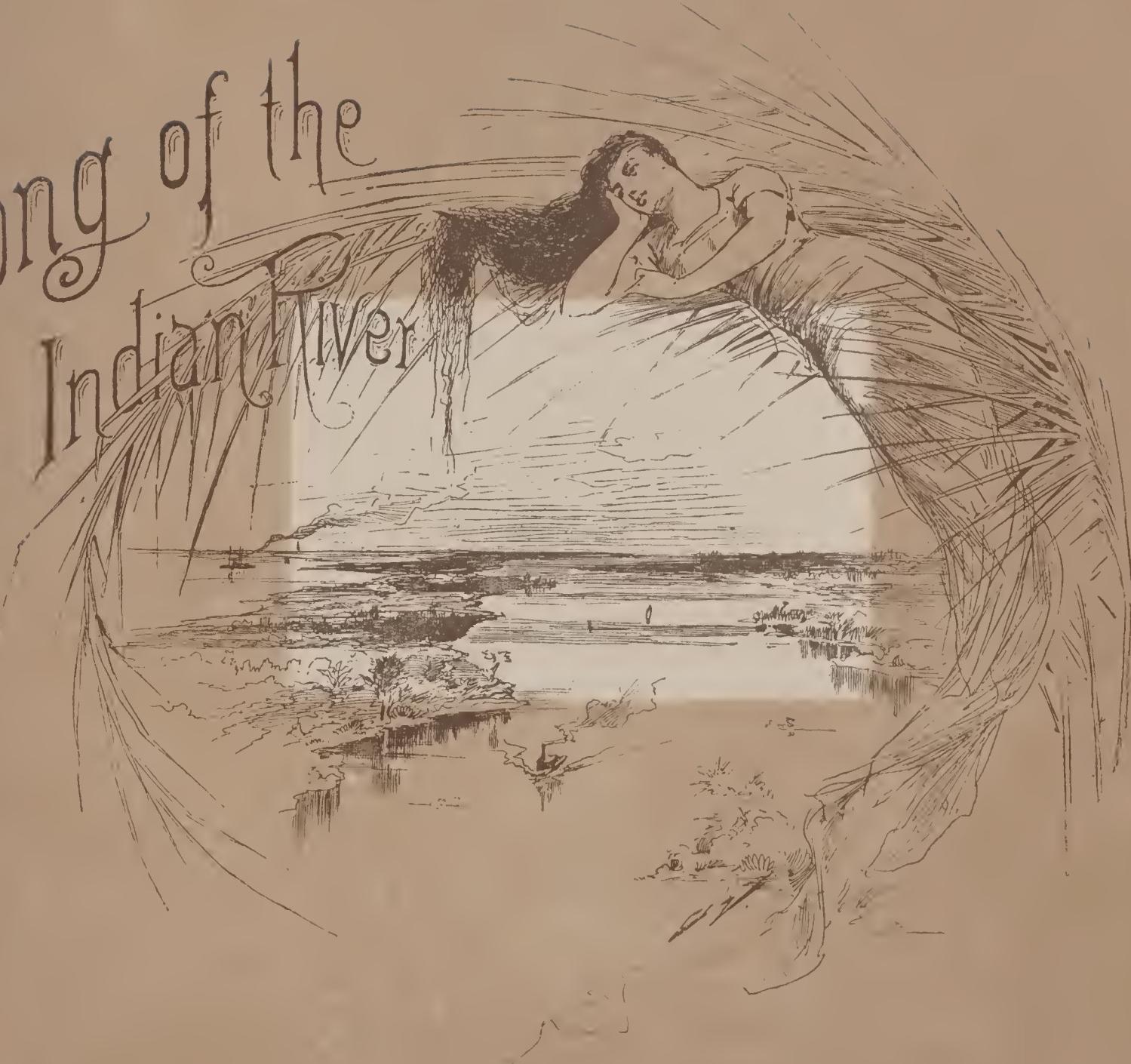
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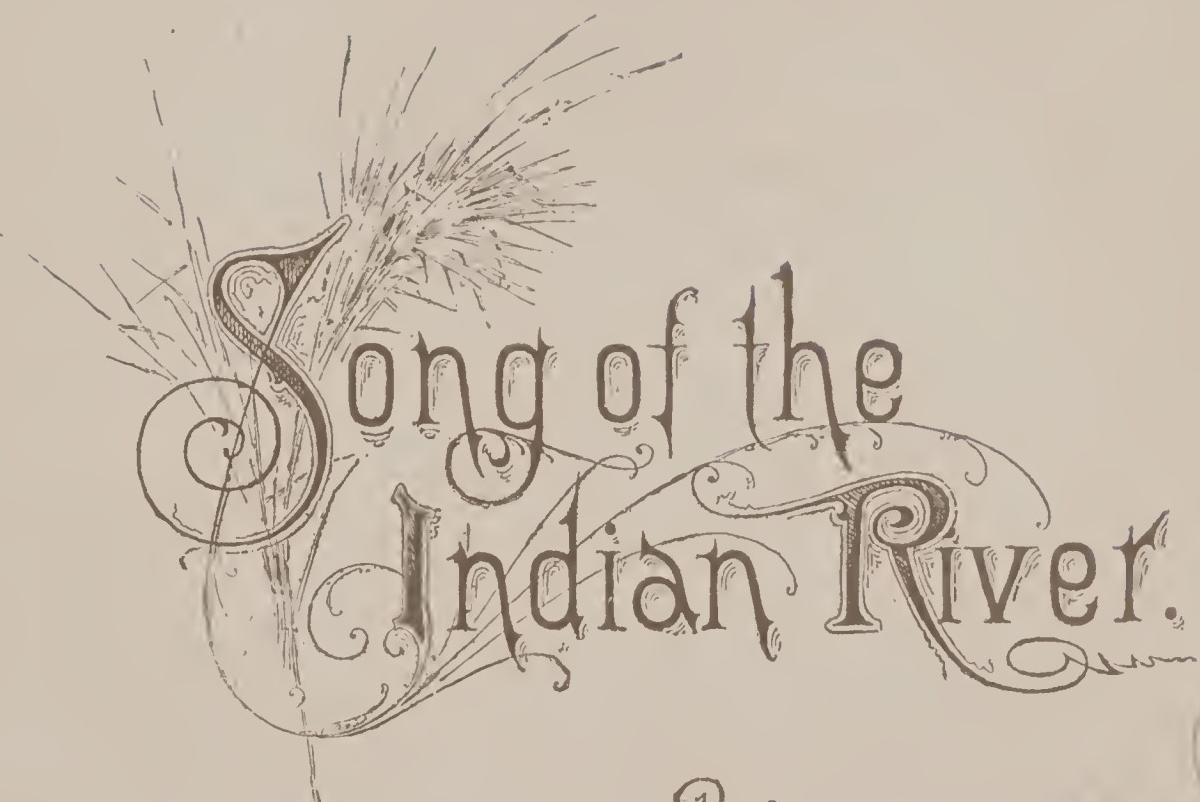
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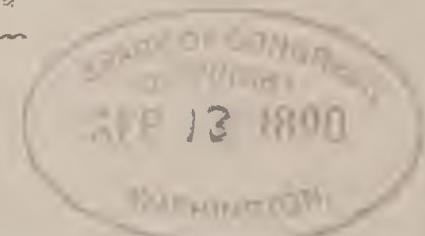
Song of the Indian River





Song of the Indian River.

By
Ada Stewart Shelton. 29407v
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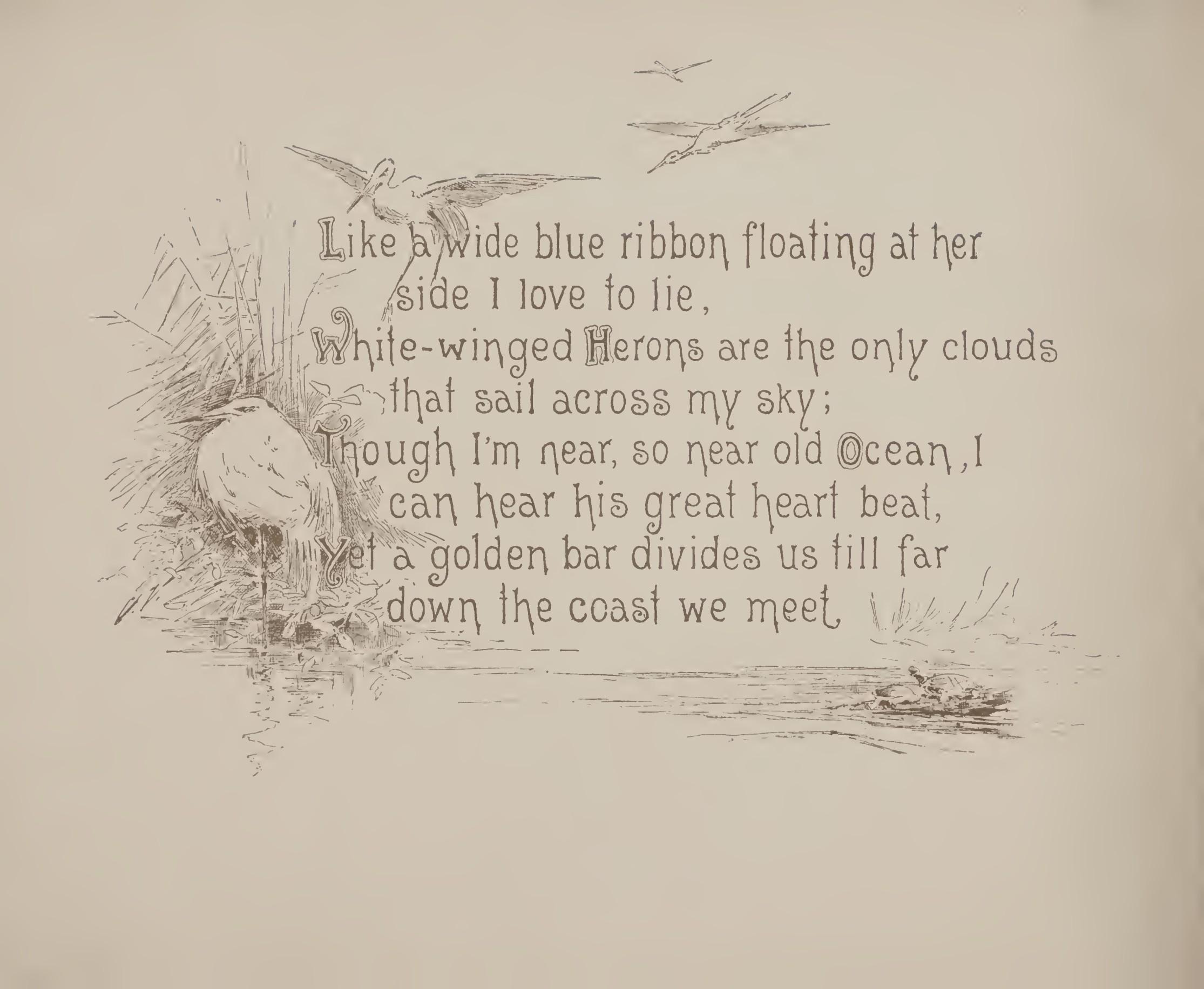
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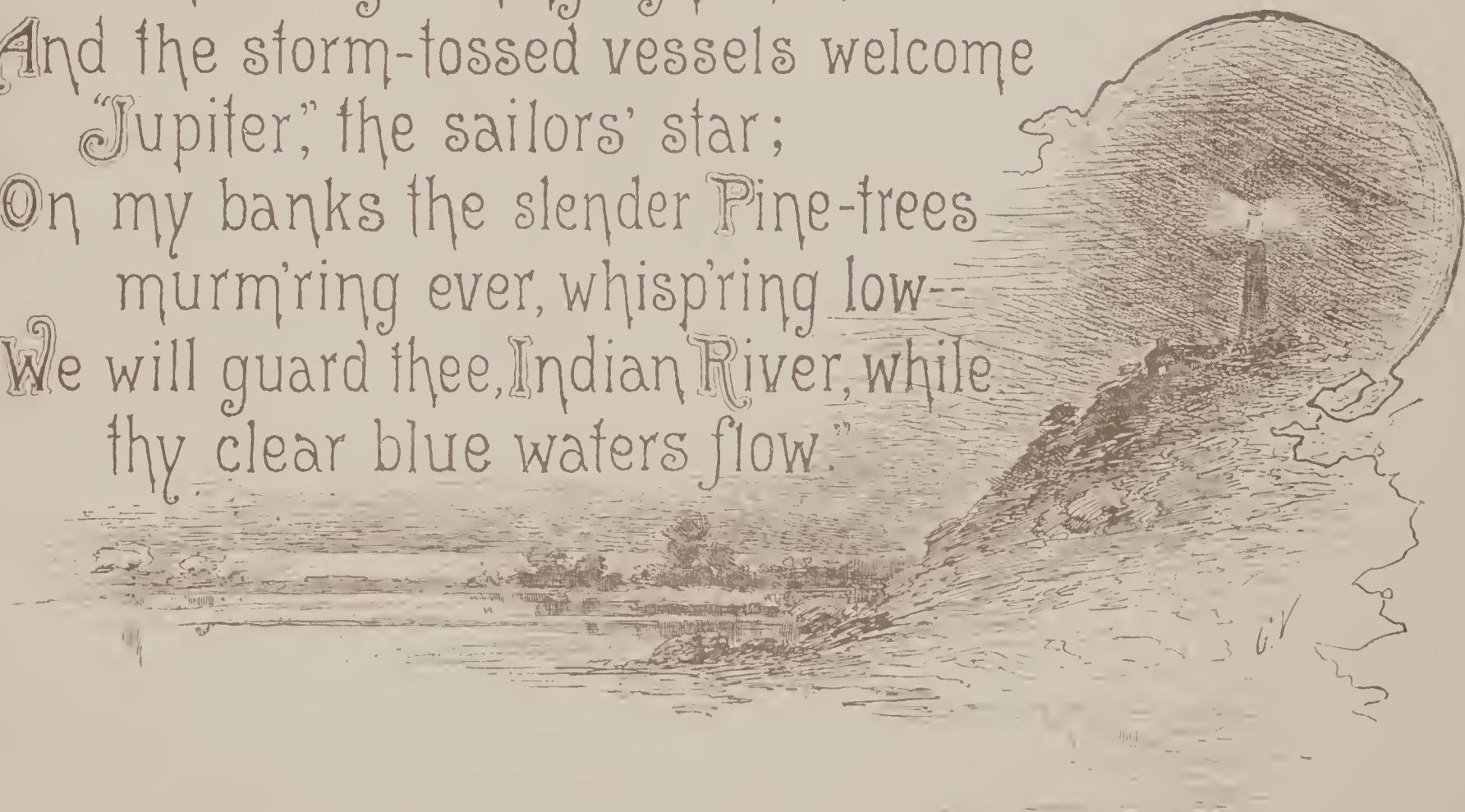
221,025 Pgs 304
Kissed by sunshine, lulled by breezes, lies
Mine own, my native land,
With the waves from Gulf and Ocean break-
ing on its shining sand;
Countless lakes and winding rivers, almost
lost in depths of green;
Fairest flowers entwine to crown her,
Florida, the Southern Queen!

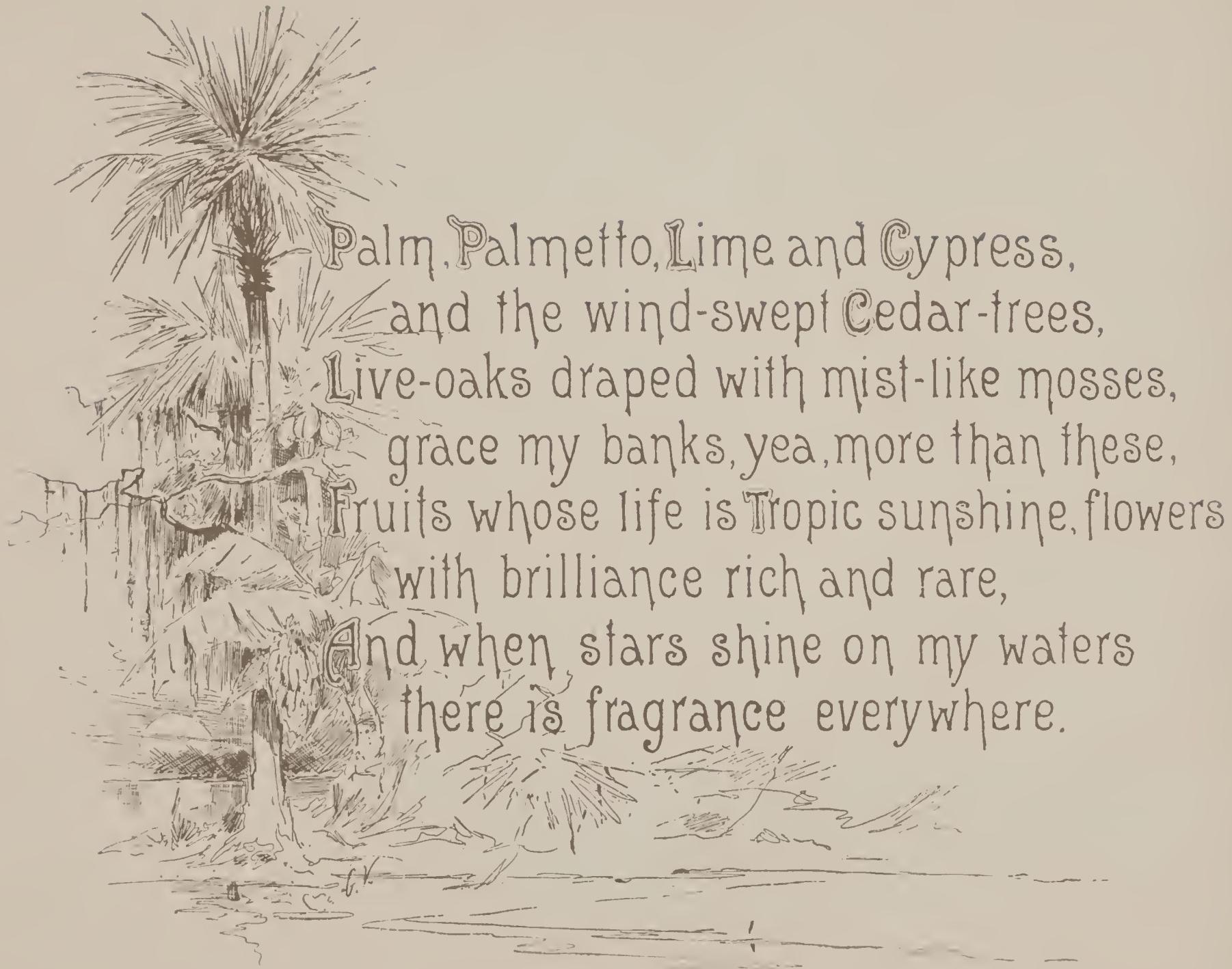




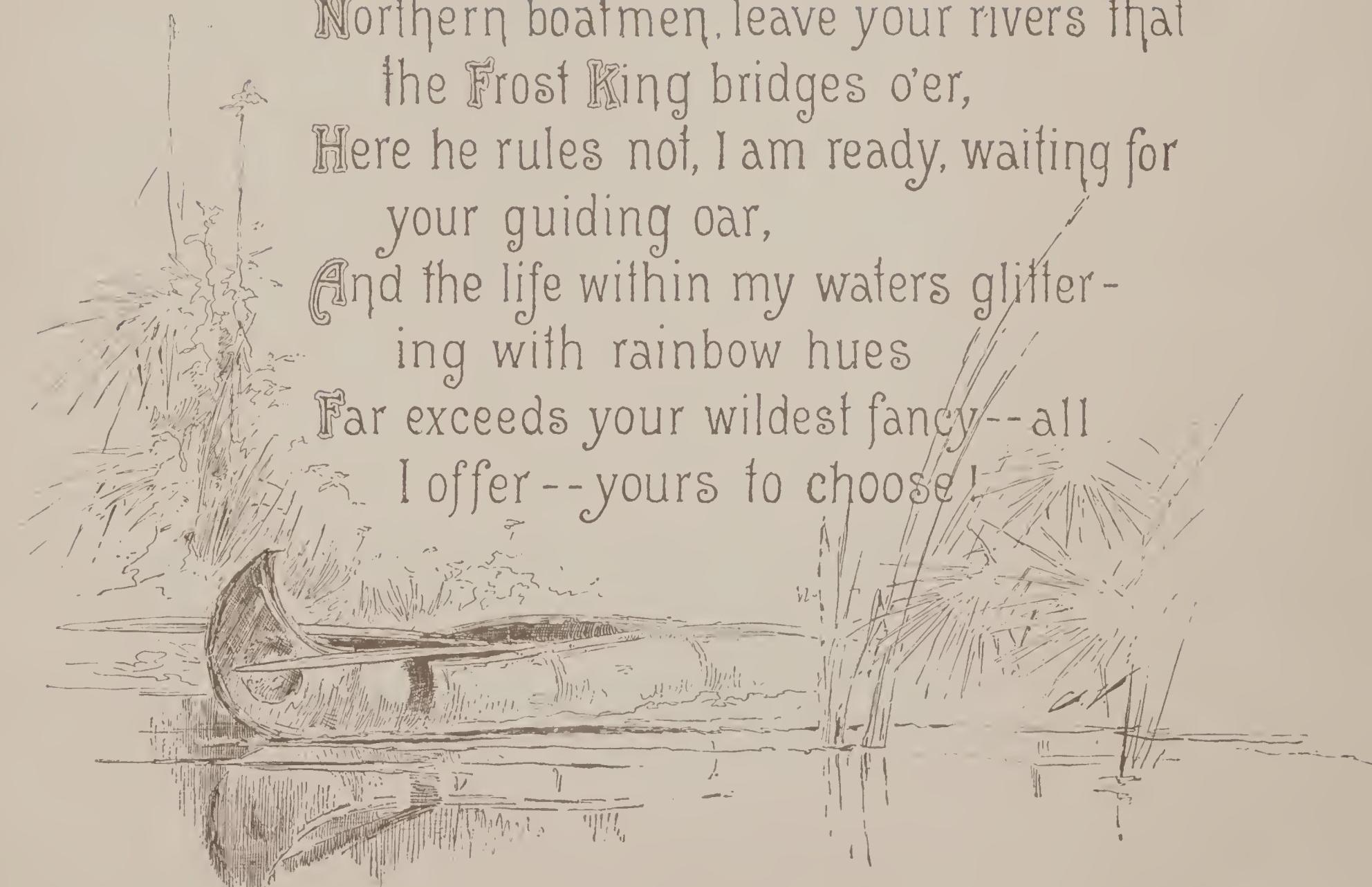
Like a wide blue ribbon floating at her
side I love to lie,
White-winged Herons are the only clouds
that sail across my sky;
Though I'm near, so near old Ocean, I
can hear his great heart beat,
Yet a golden bar divides us till far
down the coast we meet.

Where the stately light-house flashing
 sends its gleaming light afar,
And the storm-tossed vessels welcome
 "Jupiter," the sailors' star;
On my banks the slender Pine-trees
 murm'ring ever, whis'ring low--
"We will guard thee, Indian River, while
 thy clear blue waters flow."

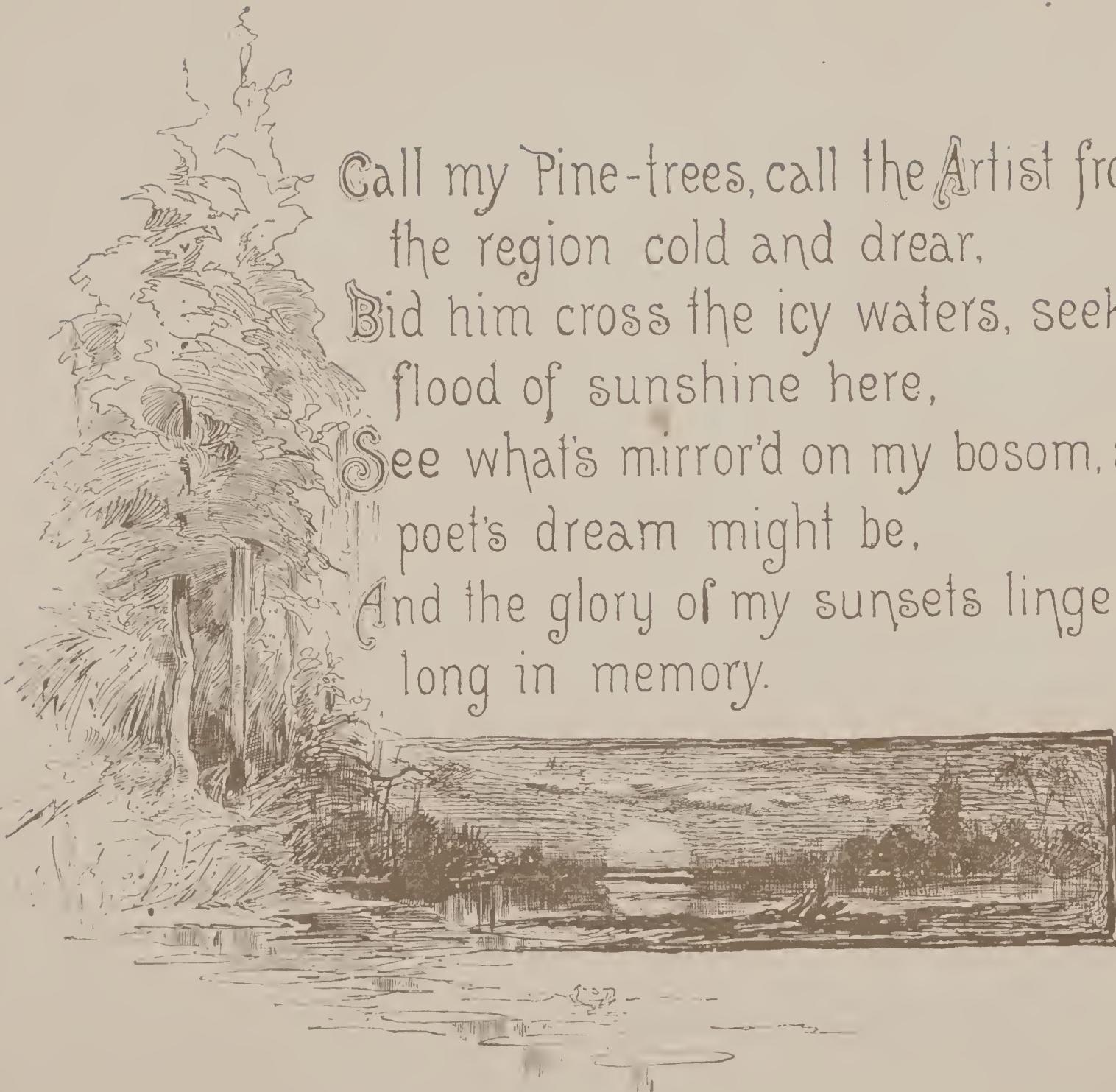




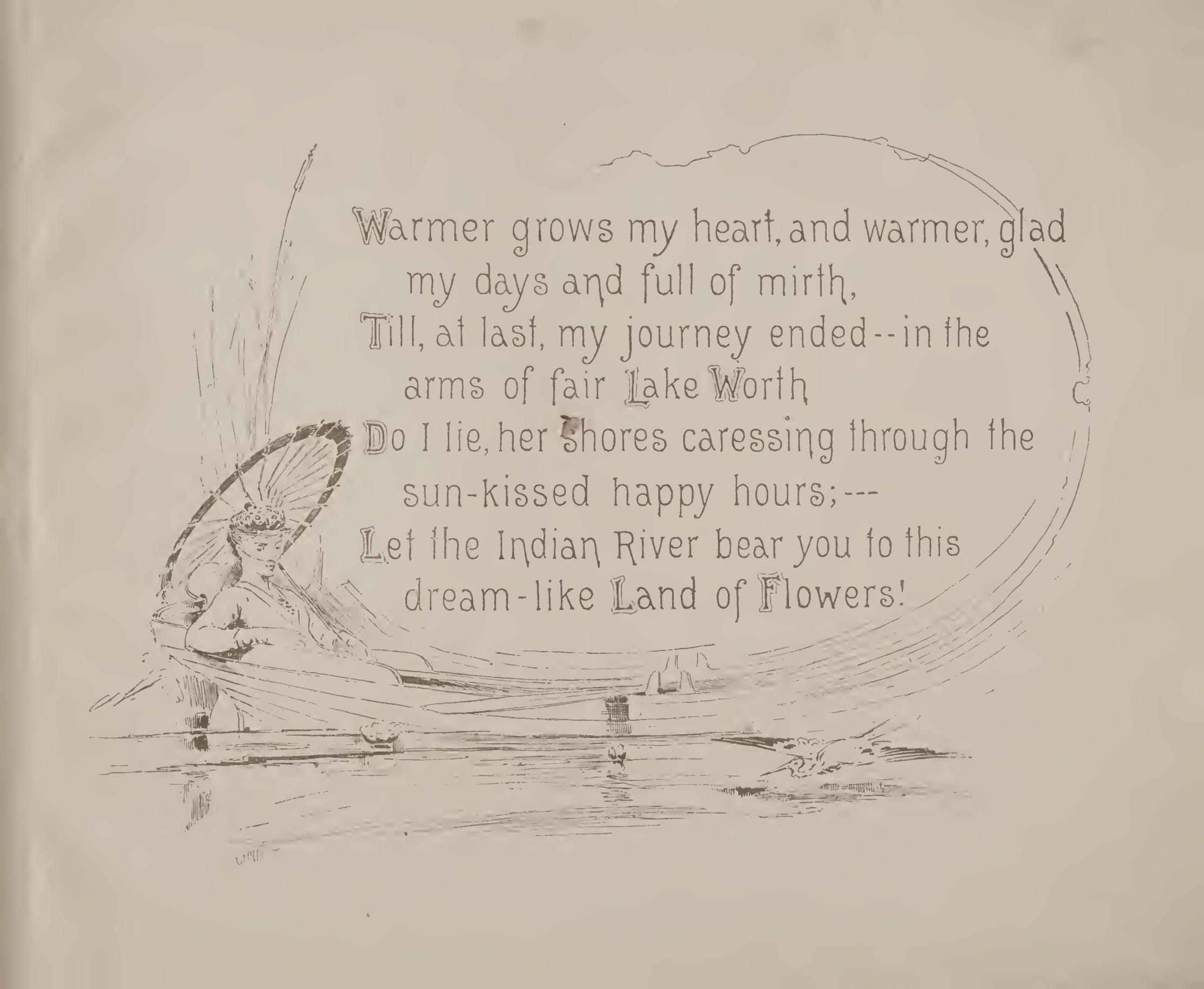
Palm, Palmetto, Lime and Cypress,
and the wind-swept Cedar-trees,
Live-oaks draped with mist-like mosses,
grace my banks, yea, more than these,
Fruits whose life is Tropic sunshine, flowers
with brilliance rich and rare,
And when stars shine on my waters
there is fragrance everywhere.



Northern boatmen, leave your rivers that
the Frost King bridges o'er,
Here he rules not, I am ready, waiting for
your guiding oar,
And the life within my waters glitter-
ing with rainbow hues
Far exceeds your wildest fancy-- all
I offer -- yours to choose!



Call my Pine-trees, call the Artist from
the region cold and drear,
Bid him cross the icy waters, seek the
flood of sunshine here,
See what's mirror'd on my bosom, all a
poet's dream might be,
And the glory of my sunsets lingers
long in memory.



Warmer grows my heart, and warmer, glad
my days and full of mirth,

Till, at last, my journey ended--in the
arms of fair Lake Worth

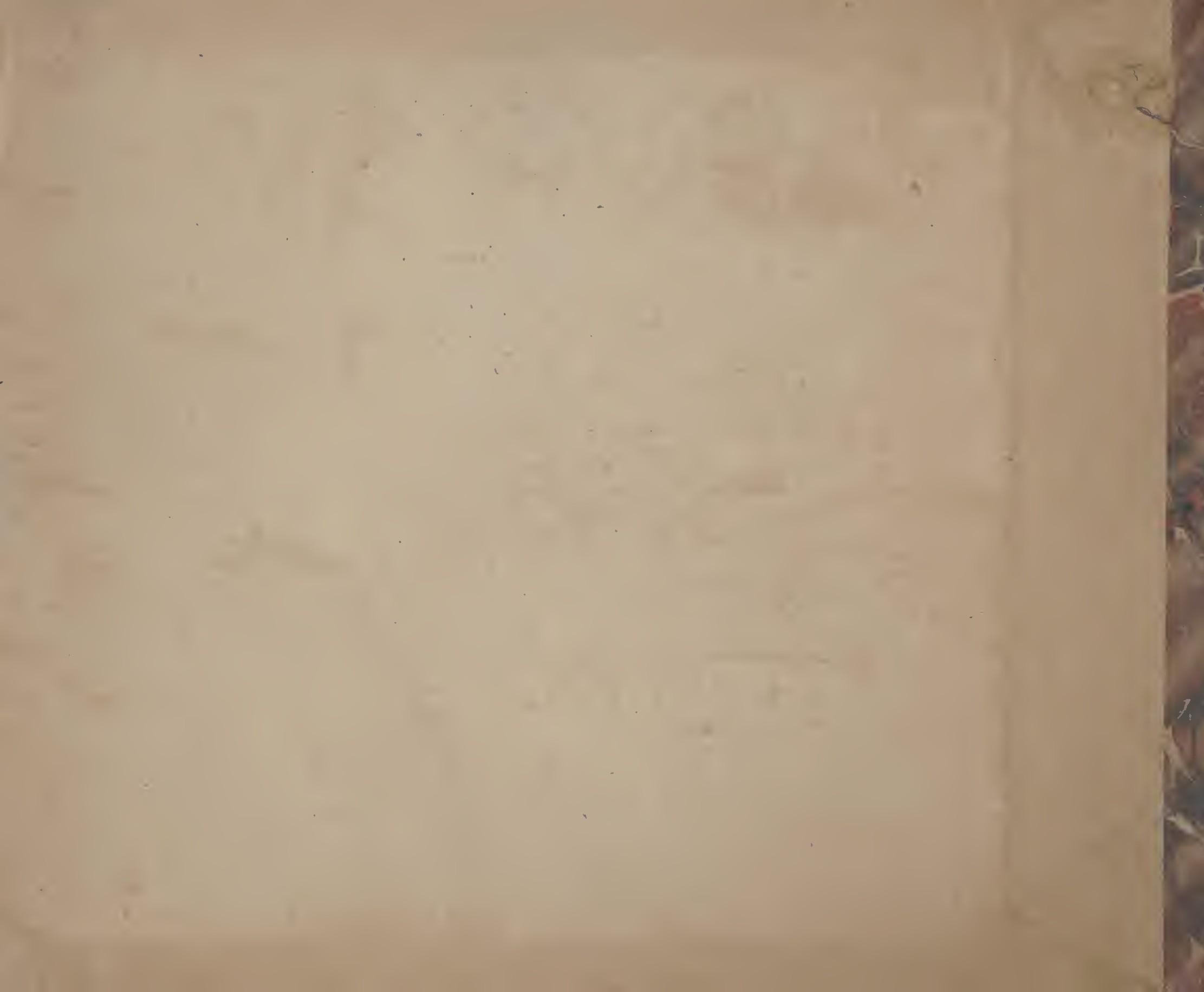
Do I lie, her Shores caressing through the
sun-kissed happy hours;---

Let the Indian River bear you to this
dream-like Land of Flowers!



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SEMINOLE INDIAN MAIDEN.



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